

11:11 by Gazyrlezon

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Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

It hadn't been quite a year, but to Mike, it felt longer for sure. Like, a century, at least. He'd sworn to himself never to forget her face, never to forget *her*, never to stop hoping or wishing.

Author's Note:

Prompt: Wishes that are made at 11:11 come true, except someone always wishes for nobodies wishes will come true. Today is the first day that no one has made that wish.

Couldn't help but think of Mike & El when I saw it ...

It hadn't been quite a year, but to Mike, it felt longer for sure. Like, a century, at least. He'd sworn to himself never to forget her face, never to forget *her*, never to stop hoping or wishing.

He'd stop whatever it was that he was doing, whether that thing was school, planning campaigns, or even games *currently ongoing*, to the never-ending annoyance of his friends and fall silent for a moment just because his watch told him it was 11:11am (he'd originally tried to secretly stay up long enough to catch 11:11pm, too, but he'd been forced to stop that again after falling asleep in class). It was silly, he knew, and childish, and would do nothing to help anyone, least of all him, but he still did it. The memory of her sitting in the quickly-improvised blanket-fort when he'd first seen that number tattooed on her arm was too strong to just ignore.

Hours and days passed in blurs, where everything seemed the same, with few exceptions. When he was with his friends, things would feel ... well, *better*. Sometimes talking to his mother or to Nancy helped, too, though not that often. But no matter how hard he tried to get back to where he'd been before, there'd come eleven minutes after eleven in the morning, and he'd be back kneeling before the blanket-fort, apologizing for startling El because he'd never seen a kid with a tattoo before.

In truth, these minutes were as much curse as they were blessing. Blessing because he'd still remember. Curse because people *noticed*. It wasn't so bad when those people were Will (who knew), or Dustin (who'd understood first) or Lucas (who'd never stop supporting him), but when it happened at school ...

“What’s up, *looser*,” Troy would throw at him, or “Wishing you’d gone to fairyland instead of Will?”

And the worst thing was, he didn’t even say anything about it while his face burned red from humiliation. At least, he thought, he should defend Will, but even that he couldn’t find the courage for, no these days. And however gladly Lucas and Dustin would verbally tear into Troy every time, it did little to make Mike feel better.

Sometimes he just wanted to *forget*. On weekends, he purposely tried to get up late so he’d be alone at 11:11.

(He still fell asleep to see her face)

After almost a year, he thought, surely it must’ve been enough, it must be far enough behind to, if not forget, then at least start to live again ...

(He still fell silent at 11:11am to stop whatever he was doing to remember her)

Maybe, he continued to tell himself, once that year was over, then finally ... finally ...

(On Halloween they were allowed to stay up late, so he got 11:11pm as well that day)

Only a few days were left, then, when he was shaken awake one morning by his mother, who looked at him half-panicked and half-overjoyed. She knew, by then; Nancy had given her the rough outline, though not before asking Mike if he was okay with that — of course he’d been, would’ve even told his mother himself, but ... there’d simply been no way for him to go through it again himself.

And there was someone else there, too, someone smelling and dirty to the point that he’d have wondered how his mom had let her into their house, into his room, even, in such a state. He didn’t though; Mike was too busy smiling.

“Mike,” the girl said.

“Hello El,” he said back.

As they left the room together heading for breakfast and Eggos, Mike glanced at his watch. He'd overslept. It was 11:11am.